THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be clearer and colder.

McKinley's adaptation of Whitney's bi-metallism platform makes a copyright suit possible.

The trouble with England's Blue Book is that it is too much up to date on ancient history.

Senator Allen wants $10,000 for an investigating committee to find out if there is a war in Cuba.

Take notice that Spain had to borrow that last six millions a month at home for prosecuting operations against the rebels.

Ex-Governor Pattison declines to discuss his Presidential chances. Doubtless the ex-Governor prefers to handle some more formidable subject.

Captain-General Weyler differs from other great soldiers in publishing the plan of his campaign. Generals Maceo and Gomez may induce him to change it.

The McKinley managers have hired a hall and two brass bands for convention week at St. Louis. This will doubtless overshadow any vocal entertainment that Mr. Platt can put up.

Ambassador Bayard has spoken again for "the mother country," as "the most eloquent phrase that ever expressed a man's thoughts." But it is only a phrase. We have all the civilization, art, science and religion that the British have, and an infinitely grander country to display them in. What we possess in common is the heritage of the civilized world, in which England plays no more the part of mother than Germany, France, Rome and Greece.

As far as the inquiry into the facts of the Jameson raid has gone it appears to be pretty conclusive that the rank and file of the raiders were led into the affair under false pretences, as they were induced to believe that the British Government was back of the scheme, whatever the scheme was. Yet the man who admittedly sold a "gold brick" to each of these credulous adventurers is said to be the most popular man in England to-day. He bears himself not as one taken in wrong-doing, but as a hero worthy of the highest commendation.

THE LEBAUDY CASE.

The remarkable and melancholy end of poor little Max Lebaudy, who, possessor of countless millions, died in an unhealthy military hospital because furious Socialist critics would not allow him to be moved, is bringing the whole subject of French military service before the nation, and getting it discussed as never before. People are beginning to ask themselves if an institution which can perpetrate such abominable tyrannies is worth preserving.

Max Lebaudy was a naughty little "viveur" who wasted his substance in riotous living, and was haunted by blackmailers and human sponges until his dying day. He had attracted much notice to himself during his enforced service in the French army by fitting up princely establishments wherever he went, and presenting the singular spectacle of a young sub-officer sleeping in the garret barracks with his men, but maintaining just outside garrison limits costly stables with twenty horses, and an elegant mansion where a dozen covers were laid for dinner every evening. When his excesses laid him low in a hospital filled with Madagascar fever the army doctors saw that it was death to him to remain there, but not one of them dared to move him, because of the universal feeling that they would be accused of having been bribed.

As the Temps of Paris remarked shortly after, Lebaudy's doctors, who would have shown the most admirable and the coolest courage on the field of battle in succoring the sick and wounded, were abject cowards when they thought that they might be subjected to the charge of favoritism. The thought that they might be pilloried in half a hundred newspapers was far more dreadful to them than the loss of their patient. The brutal cynicism of the circumstances attending young Max Lebaudy's death have prompted the mass of the nation to inquire whether it is a good thing to incorporate with such care and such almost ridiculous attention to detail every grown male person in the army.

Lebaudy would have been of infinitely greater use to his country's military service had he sent it a huge check than if he had loafed from garrison to garrison, finally catching the seeds of camp fever. Many of the blackmailers at present on trial for extorting sums of money from him did it on the pretext that they were capable of alleviating the harshness of his lot in the army. A deep disgust is the outcome of the whole affair, and will lead to new questions in the French Chamber as to why it is necessary to insist that every individual in the whole nation shall spend some portion of his time in ill-smelling barracks and in the company of dull sergeants who use atrociously offensive language.

From now on it will be the exclusive work of Hon. Timothy J. Campbell to convince Hon. Harry Miner that there is a vast difference between getting married and getting elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress.

A NON-COMBATANT CAMPAIGN.

The approaching Presidential campaign will mark the passing of the warrior candidate. It is an era of non-combatants. In recent years the Democrats have not sought war candidates, and the records of those mentioned now prove that it is not the intention to depart from that time-honored custom. Beginning with Grant, the Republicans have found it difficult to nominate a candidate who had not a soldier's record, and impossible to elect the only man nominated who was not a soldier. Blaine probably got the soldier vote, but Hayes, Garfield and Harrison, who were distinguished soldiers themselves, got the soldiers' enthusiasm. Whether that is the explanation of their success and of Blaine's failure is no matter, even if it were possible to determine, because the necessity for a soldier candidate has passed.

Of the prominent Republican candidates, McKinley is the only one with a military record of value. He led a charge in the Tennessee campaign which established his standing and illuminates his fame. There is no chance for Alger, because he runs on a war record only, and that is not wanted in this race. Allison raised troops in Iowa; Reed was a paymaster in the navy; Cullom was a War Commissioner for Illinois; Morton's firm was the banking agent of the Government in London; Quay was slightly in it then, as he is not in it at all now.

McKinley is not making a campaign on his war record. He is the champion of the industries. He is the apostle of protection; and if he should be nominated, his canvass will be the apotheosis of high tariff. Of course, if McKinley does not raise the war cry, Morton, Allison, Cullom and Reed cannot afford to raise it. They are distinctly civilians.

The slight diversion that Senator Chandler is making by waving the bloody shirt for Reed's benefit is of little consequence. Chandler has no following and little influence. The other candidates will not envy Mr. Reed his champion. They will smile and say "the war is over," and, like McKinley and Morton, try for delegates and votes in the South by showing good-fellowship socially, and offering protection for the industries. This is to be a campaign of non-combatants.

The enemies of Governor Morton refer to the fact that it was owing to the inability of Vice-President Morton to make a partisan ruling that the Force bill was defeated. Such references to the New York candidate are calculated to do him more good than harm. It will be noticed that the Republicans of the Fifty-fourth Congress are not attempting to revive the Force bill.

AFTER UNION—WHAT?

Consolidation is closing in; the Senate has already sanctioned it; little Brer Lexow, with every appearance of virtuous indignation, has pilloried those members of his party who have dared to say that, considered from some aspects, it may not be entirely for the best interests of all concerned; and the Assembly is expected to follow the Senate's lead, nor listen to any appeals for resubmission. As the measure is going through with much less friction than was at first supposed probable, the Boss and his ingenious colleagues may be encouraged to make another effort at securing "government by commissions" from now to 1898, and they should be closely watched. Mr. Thomas Collier Platt is not in the habit of giving up any especially cherished scheme without having a second and a third eager trial for its success. After making sure that he does not put us under a practical monarchy, we must next follow as closely as we can the progress of the charter and see that we get something of distinct value.

It is time that we began to hear by what sort of representative bodies Greater New York is to be governed. Those who have the matter in charge are already making up their minds, and they can tell us now as readily as in the Spring of 1897 whether we are to have a County Council, or the old-fashioned city government, or merely an irresponsible body of Aldermen sitting in some obscure corner, and heard of only when they are accomplishing mischief. As Brooklyn is said to have the best charter in the country, why should we not copy the best features of that?

Even in the Chamber of Commerce, where some of Mr. Platt's plans have met with the very sternest opposition, it seemed yesterday to be the sense of the body that Consolidation ought to be achieved at once, without waiting for the development of plans for government. Then let those plans be disclosed as speedily as possible, so that the whole public of the great cities may know exactly what to expect.

The matrimonial experience of the widow of America's greatest showman indicates that when Greek meets Barnum somebody is sure to be humbugged.

ALDERMEN AND ART.

The persistence of the Board of Aldermen in determining to foist upon New York City a work of art which has been pronounced by several art societies unfit for erection within the city limits, is entirely blameworthy. It is all the more surprising since a bill has just passed the Legislature forbidding the acceptance of any statue or group of statuary until it has been approved by the Mayor, the President of the Board of Aldermen, the Architectural League and the National Sculpture Society. It appears that the worthy City Fathers consider this enforced indorsement by various artistic societies as a slap at them, and desire to resist it. It grieves them to have their municipal dignity placed upon the same level with that of mere artists.

But there is reason to believe that they will have to yield. New York has already been afflicted with some ghastly attempts at statuary, and other American cities have fearful and wonderful examples of bad art because their city authorities have been too yielding. The metropolis cannot afford to run risks, and must have a guarantee that the art of any monument offered for her public places is genuine. The French bill, to which the Aldermen object, provides for guarantees, and there can be no good reason for assailing it. The Aldermen are more at home in local politics than in art, as they will doubtless discover in due time.

Mr. Foraker is not opposing McKinley. He is simply loading the Ohio delegation down with his personal friends in order that he may be prepared to take advantage of any emergency which may occur at St. Louis.

WILL MORTON VETO IT?

Mr. Platt's Assembly yesterday followed the lead of his Senate and passed the Raines bill by a vote of 84 to 59.

The Assemblymen from New York City spoke their minds very plainly concerning the various infamies of the bill. Assemblyman Green was especially condemnatory of the provisions of the law relating to Sunday closing. After the energetic campaign of last Fall, the answer accorded by the Republican Legislature is in every sense an unsatisfactory one. The numerical strength of the rural districts is simply used for our subjugation. Five and a half millions of additional taxes will be exacted annually by this bill. These sums will not come from the patrons of the more elaborate drinking establishments, but from customers who now pay five cents for their drink. These people will see the prices of their refreshment increased, and their incomes gradually diminished, in order that the up-the-State taxpayer may have his burdens relieved. The vexatious provisions concerning Sunday closing in the cities are as bad as if they had been made by some malicious enemy.

Governor Morton should not give this odious law a chance to infringe upon the liberties of the people. Let him place his veto upon it!

The professional fat fryers are said to be at work among the manufacturers raising funds to float the McKinley boom. The mouths of the highly protected industries always water over the prospect of a return to McKinley tariff schedules.

There is always something charming and strange in coincidence, and thousands of the good burghers of New York City were annoyed when they did not find, yesterday morning, a fac-simile of the great blizzard of March 12, 1888, when New York was almost blotted out by wet snow. But one blizzard in a century is evidently enough, and, after having furnished all the preliminaries, the storm went discreetly away and caused no further trouble. By way of showing how completely at the mercy of a wild snowstorm the metropolis is, the rage of the elements had its uses.

There is little doubt that General Weyler, who is a gentleman of considerable resource, would find some means of making Havana particularly unhealthy for any unfortunate citizen of "the better class" who refused to sign the protest (against the resolutions of Congress) containing abuse of the patriots and gushing proclamation of loyalty to Spain. If they expressed any other opinion a Spanish dungeon would claim them in an hour, and they know it. Such documents are worse than useless as an honest expression of public opinion. They are really signed under duress, and therefore valueless.

Can it be possible that the dignified Levi P. Morton is aware of the fact that his boom is degenerating to the level of a soap advertisement or a patent medicine? A printed calendar for 1896 is being circulated in the offices of New York, and presumably elsewhere, bearing a lithographed portrait of the Governor under which is printed the legend "Candidate for President." If the Hon. Thomas C. Platt is responsible for this sort of thing, the inference is natural that he has a large-sized knife up his sleeve for use after the barrel is empty. If Mr. Morton's agents continue to cheapen him, the barrel will have bled in vain.

Cuban Gossip and Guess: Capital Conjectures.

Washington, March 12.—This is what gossip boiled down comes to concerning Cuba. Without reference to party, from Cleveland to Boutelle, from Boutelle to Peffer, all men look on Cuban freedom as sure and near in its coming. No dispute falls on that point. The simple question is, How, when and to what end shall the United States take hold?

Havemeyer's Sugar Trust is eager for Cuban freedom. The Trust hides, however, at the crisis, and makes its money talk. Havemeyer is said to want the Island as a giant sugar plantation. He wants it annexed to the United States. The Trust would then move there and refine its sugar where grown.

Incidentally it might be said that sugar can be raised and refined more cheaply in Cuba than anywhere else save Hawaii. And being nearer Europe and close aboard America, it could defeat Hawaii to death on freights.

Speaking of raising sugar, they are destroying Cuban cane fields which have been set fifteen years. In Louisiana one has to reset a cane field every three years.

Southern members are told that if Cuba is annexed it will become a reservoir for the negro and drain the South of its blackness. Cuba will support 20,000,000 of people, and even now, with a lazy, shiftless population of fewer than 1,800,000, it does a to-and-fro commerce of over $100,000,000 annually with the United States. They say this would multiply by twenty-fold with Cuba annexed.

Boutelle, Hale and a strong New England contingent do not want to intromit with Cuba or free her of her bonds. As a fact, Reed and the House control held back until public as well as a general Congressional sentiment goaded them to action.

It will be recalled that Boutelle, Hale, and those of New England who oppose Cuban liberation loudly applauded Stevens, of Maine, their agent and United States Minister at Honolulu, when he aided in the overthrow of Queen Lil. Then Boutelle, Hale, et al., clamored for the recognition of the Dole government and the annexation of the islands.

Then, as now, Boutelle, Hale, et al., represented a big New England company, or ring, of which they, their relatives, neighbors, friends and constituents owned the stock, which held, and still holds, vast sugar possessions in Hawaii, as well as large slices of the Hawaiian debt. Annexation meant an advance in the value of their interests of 200 per cent. Hence they shouted for Sandwich Island annexation.

To free Cuba and annex her would reduce the value of their Hawaiian possessions to almost nothing, and therefore Boutelle, Hale, et al., oppose it.

Caffrey and the Louisiana crowd, like Boutelle, Hale and the Yankee crowd, declare against Cuba, because they fear final annexation. That would mean a dutyless Cuban sugar and the death of sugar in Louisiana. That would infer millions of loss to Louisiana men, much of it personal to Caffrey, Price and Robertson, of Congress, and White, of the Supreme Bench, late of the Senate.

Germany and France rejoice over the Cuban rebellion because they have big beet sugar interests which flourish and are promoted in price, profits and prospects by the destruction of Cuban sugar culture due to a state of war. They rail wrathfully—see cables—at proposed intereference of America; not because they want to preserve Spanish power in Cuba, but rather the war in Cuba, which destroys the sugar crop and broadens and brightens markets to German and French beet sugar.

The vast majority of the Republicans in House and Senate, uneaten by the self-interest which feeds on Boutelle and Hale, want what the Havemeyers want—recognition, then annexation.

They don't talk loudly to-day of annexation. It is one step at a time with them.

But they intend annexation, and look forward—many of them do—to declaring for annexation in the St. Louis convention, in June, and defying the Democracy to make a national issue of it.

What the Administration wanted to do was to let the two forces fight on in Cuba until about the middle of April. Then the rainy season would commence and put a muddy end to blood and fighting until Fall.

At the beginning of the rains Cleveland would have reminded Spain that with one whole dry season to her use, she had failed to put down the rebellion. America had waited as long as she could. She must now interfere.

Spain would be offered one hundred millions in money, and Cuba must be allowed her freedom. This one hundred millions would be in part accounted for by Cuban assumption of a portion of the Spanish debt. The United States would stand sponsor for Cuba in event of a bargain.

Cleveland did not and does not expect that, in event of such an intervention, Spain would acquiesce. She would reject the offer. She would fight. The war beginning, perhaps, the 1st of May, would be a short horse and soon curried.

The naval people have word that British guns—Armstrong—at cost price are being sold and furnished to the Spanish authorities at Havana, and are to-day being mounted, with their muzzles toward the sea. Our naval folk say this means America, and marks a quiet English interference against us—as usual.

However, these same naval parties also say that they have a bunch of war boats at Hampton Roads, three days' steaming from Havana, and could clean up the naval strength of Spain and take Havana in a week, whenever Uncle Sam is ready to proceed.

It is suggested by some that recruits for a Cuban war should be confined to negroes. They are fearless of yellow fever and all but safe from its attack. They would be mustered out on the Island after the rumpus, most of them would stay and be cheap and ready for the Havemeyer hiring when the Sugar Trust began its cane planting.

To go back to Cleveland. It may be said that so far he has neither thought of nor suggested annexation. It is said that he would oppose it.

In listening to the white fears of negro denomination, it has, however, been taken up as a topic by the Cabinet, and discussion has fallen out as to how far it might be practicable to divide Cuba by a north and south line in the middle of the Island, giving the eastern half to the negroes—they are in a three to one majority there now—with Santiago de Cuba as a capital, and giving the whites the western half, where they have the ascendency, with Havana as a capital.

As to Cleveland's proposal to insist on Cuban payment of one hundred millions or any amount to Spain for her liberty, the Cubans here make frowns at that. They see no reason why they should pay for what they are strong enough to take.

To conclude, everybody looks for Cuban freedom, and they differ only as to when. Everybody looks for a final brush between the United States and Spain. They expect to see Spain speedily thrashed. She has no army save a mob of half-savage guerillas. Her boats are paper. She owes a billion of dollars. Her interest is over fifty millions a year. Her whole income scarce reaches one hundred millions. Since 1830 she has had a yearly deficit running far into the millions. She hasn't the power to fight. So rambles assertion on this interesting topic of Cuban freedom and American intervention to that end.

L. H. L.

Wonderful Features of Next Sunday's Journal.

A score of topics of intense human interest, stories and special articles that will hold you spellbound while you read, and each one treated with consummate skill by the Journal's brilliant artists and writers.

But it is useless to attempt to convey in a single sentence any idea of the rich treat that awaits the readers of the Sunday Journal. A whole column devoted to the subject leaves so much unsaid that it seems scarcely worth our while to print it. After all, there is but one way in which one can realize what literary and artistic skill, backed by an unlimited expenditure, which makes modern science a veritable handmaiden, can accomplish when applied to the task of producing an ideal Sunday newspaper.

"Ah, yes," says an indifferent reader, who has been accustomed to buying other Sunday newspapers, "I know what that way is, and I guess I'll try it. The way is to spend three cents for a copy of the Journal next Sunday."

But that is not the way, dear reader. If you try that you are liable to get left, unless you get up very early in the morning. There is only one way, as we said before, and that way is to order a copy of your newsdealer to-day or to-morrow, preferably to-day, and then you will be able to seek your couch on Saturday night secure in the knowledge that New York's greatest Sunday newspaper will be ready for you in the morning.

And here are a few of the subjects treated; if you find nothing to interest you in any of them, don't order the Journal, but consult a physician:

Have you ever, in childhood, sighed because you felt, like Alexander, that there were no more worlds to conquer? Have you ever, when reading of the voyage of Columbus and those fascinating tales of the early explorers, felt badly to think that there was no chance of your becoming an explorer when you grew up? Well, there is on this planet a mysterious, unknown and undiscovered country, which lies in the same parallel as Norway, and which is inhabited, perhaps, by an unknown race of men. A band of explorers will soon start to penetrate the wilds of this mysterious continent, which lies within the Antarctic Circle, and when they return the whole world will stop to listen to what they may have to say about it. In the meantime, the Journal has sought out Professor Borchgrevink, the first man who ever set foot on that mysterious shore; and on Sunday he will tell you about what he saw there. He will describe the strange fishes that swarm about the coast, sea monsters, the like of which have never been seen before. He will tell you of the fierce beasts of prey that crouch in the shadow of the huge beetling crags, and of the myriads of birds that rise up in clouds that darken the skies, birds that have lived and bred for thousands of years undisturbed by man. Does that sound like an interesting article?

Breathes there an American with soul so dead that he has no interest in Edgar Allen Poe? The Sunday Journal will publish a newly discovered poem and manuscript from the pen of this brilliant, imaginative, world-famous writer. This voice from the grave will reveal facts that are sure to awaken the liveliest interest on the part of every scholar in the world, and will, in all probability, provoke endless controversy. Be among the first to read the poem that was written half a century ago and will be given to you on Sunday for the first time.

Here is a topic that will not interest many people, but we have deemed it right to treat it skilfully, out of respect to the small minority of our readers to whom it will appeal. It refers to the art of becoming beautiful, and as most of us are beautiful, and very few who are not beautiful care to be, it is scarcely worth speaking about. So we will pass on to another subject.

The pet weakness of one of the most distinguished journalists in this country has always been "snakes," and it is an interest which is shared, for some unaccountable reason, by a large proportion of the human race. The late P. T. Barnum was fully alive to this strange predilection on the part of sinful, erring humanity for the lineal descendants of the creeping thing that first got Adam and Eve into trouble, and it is related of him (Mr. Barnum, not the serpent) that he never failed to have a good supply of the reptiles in any show or museum that he controlled. "Ten Thousand Yards of Slippery Snakes!" was often a prominent line in his announcements. A venturesome woman who writes for the Journal has a blood-curdling tale to tell of a visit which she recently paid to a man who lives in a room with two hundred of these slimy creatures.

Talking of snakes, that reminds us of various forms of dissipation, and especially of a new and fashionable one in which certain up-to-date New York girls are indulging on the sly, a dissipation which threatens to drive the five o'clock tea out of the field, and one, moreover, which is far more deleterious in its effects than the strongest narcotic that the world has ever known.

There are some folks who like to read about artists' models, and for their benefit exclusively the Journal will tell the life story of a young woman whose face and form are familiar to us all, but whose name and personality have been wrapped in mystery. She is the favorite model of America's most popular illustrator, and is, moreover, a woman of rare personal charm and great ability.

How many people there are who would go to Europe if it were not for the dangers of ocean travel! Here is an invention which promises to make the route taken by steamships that cross the Atlantic as light, even on the darkest nights, as upper Broadway. When this is put in operation it will be safer to go to Liverpool than up Broadway at night, for, after all, the latter thoroughfare is full of pitfalls for the unwary sinner.

And now we come to a subject which not one of us can afford to slight. Love. How many people are unhappy, and even fade away and die, because they do not comprehend what love really is! At least once a month some unfortunate is found hanging to a tree in Central Park with a verse from Heine pinned to his breast, a letter addressed to "Lena" in one of his coat-tail pockets, and in the other a "complete guide to courtship and marriage." Just think of the number of valuable lives that would be saved to the world if a scientific analysis of love could be made! Well, that is precisely what the Journal has done in the interest of humanity. It has made a diagnosis of love, just as a doctor makes a diagnosis of a case of fever, and you will find it in the great paper next Sunday.

"The Shaughraun."

Young Aubrey Boucicault, son of his inimitable father, having discovered by painful experience that nature had not fitted him for the role of a Jean de Reszke, has settled down to business at last, in a sensible and highly practical manner. He has undertaken to revive a couple of the good old Irish comedy-dramas, with the texture of which the Boucicault name is so closely interwoven. Failing to establish a claim to boots of his own, he has done the next best thing, and stepped into those left on earth by his late father. They are large and roomy boots, in which little Aubrey wobbles a trifle just at present. But they will fit anon; youth is not an irremediable fault.

Young Mr. Boucicault is at the American Theatre this week with that capital and always enjoyable comedy, "The Shaughraun." He is there as "Mr. Boucicault," if you please. The Aubrey is comfortably omitted, presumably in the hope that there are still a few people in New York's Eighth avenue who will believe that he is Dion. His name is published on the programme in type of pleasing blackness, and in association with that name appears one that is equally popular, yet refined—that of Miss Martinot. There is not a vestige of "Sadie" on the programmes. It is "Miss Martinot," who has sacrificed her Christian title for no earthly reason that I can imagine. There was, as we know, another Mr. Boucicault, but there never has been, and there never will be, another Miss Martinot. There is no excuse for being ashamed of such a name as Sadie, especially when playing on Eighth avenue with its bevies of Sadies and Mamies. You can call her Miss Martinot if you will. She is Sadie to me.

As Conn, "The Shaughraun," young Boucicault is surprisingly good. It is a nice fat part, but is not so fat as to preclude the possibility of massacre. Boucicault brings to it a keen intelligence, a quick wit and a magnetic stage presence. Genius and great talent are not hereditary, but they are extremely catching, and young Aubrey has caught a good deal of his father's ability. The son of an actor has a better chance on the stage than the son of a butcher, for children are imitators. So if "Mr." Boucicault has inherited none of his father's greatness, he has been able to imitate it very neatly.

I have always thought that this young man will have a brilliant future, and after carefully watching his work as Conn I am more convinced of this than ever. I lost no faith in him even when I heard him singing in comic opera without a voice and playing a comedian's part without any comedy. The successful star must have some magnetic, inexplicable characteristic, and "Mr." Boucicault is fortunate enough to own this. I hope that he will not consider this lavish praise, for there are plenty of reefs to be taken in the sails of ambition. He is the victim of a most disastrous self-consciousness. He is as fond of himself as he would like his audience to be fond of him, and this is a great mistake. I don't mean to say that he must kill his self-affection. That is as unnecessary as it is impossible. He must merely keep it in check, put it out of sight, so to speak. The young man watches the effect of his work upon his audience. I am quite sure that he knew the exact number of deadheads in the American Theatre last night, and as Mr. Dexter is at present attending to that portion of the entertainment, there was no need for Conn, the Shaughraun, to trouble himself about it.

Mlle. Martinot—that is to say, Sadie—is a demure and fascinating Moya. She is not a bit rollicking or noisily Hibernian. Her Moya is a gentle, tender creature, none the worse for its lack of ostentatious vulgarity. Sadie owns a brogue that many an Irish actress would consider ridiculously slender, but it is pretty, and quite pronounced enough to please me. The actress is growing buxom, as actresses have a knack of doing, for the stage is very fattening. Her ankles, however, are slim enough to make the stories of the diamond garters she wears entirely credible. I like Sadie. I have seen her do such deliciously bad work that I can fully appreciate the merits that she occasionally makes manifest.

The programme gushes about her, and it is always well to believe in programmes. It says that she is both favorite and beautiful, and that her "successful career" was first begun in "interpreting the heroines of these celebrated plays." That is worth nohing. A career that begun with "The Shaughraun" and reaches diamond garters and more "Shaughraun" is surely phenomenal.

The cast, with a few exceptions, is excellent. Miss Kate Ryan, as Mrs. O'Kelly, is singularly felicitous, and the little peroxyde damsel, Amelia Bingham, makes a winsome and a fascinating Claire Ffolliott. A rather agreeable young person calling himself H. Gittus Lonsdale (in his case "Mr." Lonsdale would be enough), plays Robert extremely well, and Justin Adams is a suitable Father Dolan.

But who on earth is Miss Louise Massen? The programme announces "Mr. Boucicault and Miss Martinot, with Miss Louise Massen." I hunted up and down for the lady's name in the list of characters, but couldn't find it. Judge of my surprise and consternation when a large gentleman with a tremendous abdominal development marched on as Captain Molineaux, and I saw that his name was Louis Massen. If this is intended for a jocular performance, it is a very sorry one, and if I were Mr. Massen I should rebel at the typographical indignity.

The audience howled with laughter at this entertaining revival. "The Shaughraun" undoubtedly has a vein of unexhausted popularity, and young "Mr." Boucicault will probably be able to push the comedy to the front again. I hope that he will. The programme is quite sure that he will. It says, "It is always a certainty that revivals will be made, and that hour has arrived for the Boucicault plays." Let us call it a period, instead of a solitary, unsatisfactory hour, and wish sucess to "The Shaughraun" and "The Colleen Bawn."

ALAN DALE.

A Sneering Spoilsman.

[Washington Post.]

Is not Mayor Strong the least bit cold-blooded when he declares he turned a man out of office in order to provide a job for Teddy Roosevelt? Is it not a fact that Teddy was most eagerly sought by his present office, and didn't it require the hardest kind of work to induce him to accept the same? Has Mayor Strong been transformed into a sneering spoilsman?

When Sherman Speaks.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

When Senator John Sherman, the G. O. M. of the G. O. P., stands up in the Senate to denounce Spain for the wrongs to Cuba, level-headed people may rest assured that these wrongs exist. Senator Sherman is not a jingo, and he does not own a hair-trigger mouth. When he speaks it is after calm deliberation, and what he says "goes."

Going to Extremes.

[Springfield Union.]

Eighty Chicago people have decided to spend the remainder of their days in the Holy Land. That's going to extremes with a vengeance.

Marguerite of Orleans and Her Fiance.

Princesse Marguerite of Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, certainly deserves to be congratulated on her impending marriage to young Patrick MacMahon,

Duc de Magenta, eldest son and heir of that grand and honest old soldier who officiated for a time as President of the French Republic. For the young Duke, although not of royal birth, is an infinitely finer man in every respect than the Duke of Orleans, who so shamefully jilted her in order to leave himself free to carry on a particularly flagrant liaison with the demi-mondaine Emilienne d'Alencon. She showed a great deal of devotion to her recreant fiance prior to the rupture of the engagement and throughout the whole term of his incarceration in the great penitentiary at Clairvaux; she abandoned Paris with all its comforts and pleasures and established herself in a particularly uncomfortable villa at the very prison doors in order that she might be able to visit him every day and cheer him by her presence. This he requited by jilting her in a manner calculated to cut her to the heart.

The young Duke of Magenta, who has the same blue eyes, erect figure and fair hair as his illustrious father, bids fair to follow in the latter's footsteps, for after behaving with great gallantry during the Tonquin war, winning the Cross of the Legion of Honor as an officer of that Foreign Legion that constitutes the forlorn hope and the vanguard in every attack, he distinguished himself to such an extent during the Madagascar campaign, that, in spite of his youth, he was promoted on the battlefield to the command of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of Chasseurs. There are few young men more popular than he, either in the army or in society, and since his return to Paris he has been the idol of the Jockey Club, of all bodies of men the one least inclined to any display of enthusiasm. He is not particularly well-off, as the old Marshal—at one time very rich—sacrificed more than half his fortune while President of the republic in addition to his pay and allowances as such, in order to maintain his lofty office with what he considered to be the proper amount of splendor and dignity. In fact, within a few months after his retirement, he was compelled to sell his fine mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain, and spent the remainder of his life at his country seat of La Foret, where his widow still survives him, engaged in the preparation of his voluminous memoirs.

The Duchess of Magenta, who is now by the marriage of her son about to become a dowager, is a stout little woman with steel-gray eyes, who must have been very beautiful in her youth. She was a Mlle. de Castries, sister of the Duke of that name who was so prominent a figure on the French turf, and whose wealthy widow, a daughter of the Viennese banker Sina, is now married to Marshal MacMahon's former secretary, the Vicomte Emmanuel d'Harcourt. The old Duchess of Magenta, who is an exceedingly strong-minded woman, had her illustrious husband completely under her thumb, and ran things altogether her own way while her husband was President—and it was a way that by no means met with the views of the republican statesmen. Indeed, she is regarded as the person principally responsible for the abortive coup d'etat that was to have taken place on May 16, 1877, and which would have led to a royalist restoration.

The young Duke of Magenta has two brothers, Eugene, of whom one does not hear much, and Emmanuel, a godson of King Victor Emmanuel, who is a scapegrace. He got frightfully into debt, was placed under judicial control and then enlisted as a private in the Legion Etrangere for service in Tonquin, where, like his brother, he won by his gallantry in the field not only the Cross of the Legion of Honor, but also promotion step by step, to the rank of captain. There is one sister, Marie, who is married to the Comte de Piennes, one of the large landowners in the neighborhood of Dinan.

Princesse Marguerite of Orleans is by no means the first member of her house to marry a man for the sake of love who is not, like herself, of blood royal. Thus, there is her namesake and aunt, the Princess Marguerite of Orleans-Bourbon, daughter of the old Duc de Nemours, who married the Polish Prince Czartoryski. Then there is her cousin, Princess Caroline of Bourbon, of the Neapolitan branch of this royal house, who is married to a Polish nobleman, Count Andre Zamoiski, whose brother's union with Mlle. de Malakoff, only daughter of the Marechal Pelissier, Duc de Malakoff, was dissolved by the Vatican under such very peculiar circumstances. Of the Spanish branch of the house there is the now half-crazy Princess Isabella of Bourbon, who first eloped with and then married the Polish Count Gourowski, a charming man, who found life with his royal wife so unbearable that he was compelled to separate from her long before his death. Her sister Louise married a Spanish grandee, the Duke of Sessa, and another sister, Princess Josephine, followed her example and eloped from Madrid with a young Cuban poet, Don Jose Gnel y Rente, whom she subsequently married.

Don Jose was not even of noble birth. Indeed, he was of quite plebeian extraction, and commenced life as a journalist at Havana. There he fell in love with the daughter of one of the principal merchants of the city, and on asking for her hand in marriage was ignominiously turned out of doors by the indignant father, who was enraged beyond measure at such a piece of presumption, laughing scornfully when Don Jose responded to his insults by declaring that he would go to Madrid, make his fortune and marry a royal princess. He fulfilled his promise in every particular. On reaching Madrid he joined the staff of one of its newspapers, soon won a name for himself as a writer, and by and by became distinguished as a poet, many of his sonnets and verses being addressed to Princess Josephine. The latter, who was quite as impressionable as the remainder of her family, showed that she appreciated his homage, and finally offered to fly with him. They were married in France, and after being exiled for a time were pardoned by the good-natured Queen Isabella, who not only became sponsor of their children, but soon learned to appreciate at his full worth Don Jose, whom she loaded with honors. One of his sons is the Marquis of Valcarlos, military attache of the Spanish Embassy at Paris.